

23.
*The Sufferings and Satisfaction
of Christ.*

BEING THE
SUBSTANCE
OF A
DISCOURSE

Delivered in
The NORTH OF IRELAND,
In the Year 1752.

By *J* O H N C E N N I C K.

*Who is this that is glorious in his Apparel, travelling in
the greatness of his Strength? I that speak in Righte-
ousness, mighty to save, ISA. lxiii. 1.*

*Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it, EPH.
v. 25.*

*Christ suffered once for our Sins, the Just for the Unjust,
that he might bring us to God, 1 PET. iii. 18.*

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ISAIAH liii. II.

*He shall see of the Travel of his Soul, and
shall be satisfied.*

THE Prophet, out of whose Writings
I have chosen this Text, is remarkable for his profound Knowledge of an Insight into the Salvation, which he foresaw, as well as other Men of God, who, under the Law, searched diligently what the Saviour should be, and what Manner of Salvation and Glory should follow the Sufferings of Christ. In this Respect he was highly favoured, and spoke as if he had been present and cotemporary with our Saviour, and not as one who lived in the Days of King *Uzziah*, and so far off from the Days of the Son of Man. The Title of the Evangelical Prophet was not bestowed upon him by the Fathers for nothing; for a good Part of all his Prophecy is the pure Gospel; and there, as well as in the New-Testament, we find all the blessed Doctrine of Jesus Christ. “Isaiah saw his Glory, and spake of him.”

This whole fifty-third Chapter is well known in Christendom; and relates to the Humanity, Sufferings and Glory of the Messiah; and as “he was wounded for our Sins, and bruised for our Transgressions, and by whose Stripes we only can be healed.” Let us now at-

tend to this weighty Subject, and learn the riches of his Grace and everlasting Love to us, from the Doctrine of his Salvation.

In the Text there are three Things to be considered:

First, To shew who this Person is, of whom all these Things are spoken.

Secondly, What is meant by the travel of his Soul. And,

Thirdly, What we must understand by his being satisfied.

We frequently meet with Expressions of this Kind among the Prophets; thus in *Daniel* we read, "He shall be cut off, he shall finish Iniquity." In others, "He shall redeem *Israel*; he shall dip his Cloaths in the Blood of Grapes, and wash his Garments in Wine. He shall live; and unto him shall be given of the Gold of *Arabia*. Prayer shall be made ever unto him; and daily shall he be praised. He shall sprinkle many nations; he shall be a Man of Sorrows;" and in the Text, "He shall see the Travel of his Soul." All these, and many more, certainly relate to the same Person; and all the Scripture, the Law, and the Prophets, point to him in every Place. This is the glorious He, of whom all have testified and spoken! The Desire of all Nations! The Hope of *Jacob*! The Messiah! The King of *Israel*! He, for whom the twelve Tribes waited two thousand Years, and who was daily expected in his Temple to help and save his People. But who is he? and what is his Name?

He is the Lord from Heaven; his Name is Jesus Christ; or as *Luther* sung;

'Tis Jesus Christ indeed;
And there's no God beside.

I do not wonder that the *Jews* had such confused Ideas of the Deliverer; for often he was promised as a Man, as the Seed of the Woman, and Son of *David*, and often as the Most High, as the only God and Saviour; and of no other person can all what is said of the Messiah be true; but only of that God and Man Christ Jesus, who was before all Things, and made Heaven and Earth with all their Hosts; and shall again roll up the Heavens, and create all new; and who once in the Form of a Servant, lived and died in this sinful World, to reconcile us to himself by his own Blood, and save us for evermore.

Let the Sage scan, and pry, and weigh, and after all be in suspense about the Matter as he will. Let the Naturalist scorn as he please; and the *Jew* and Jewish hearted Men blaspheme and mock, it is yet true, Jesus is God. He is the everlasting Lord, the Maker and Saviour of all. This is the Foundation and Corner-Stone of all the Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs. This is the Doctrine of all the Scriptures, and of every Church of God; and this shall be universally acknowledged when once more the Son of Man shall appear: "Then every Eye shall see him, and every Knee bow to him, and every Tongue shall confess that Jesus is the Lord."

In this Matter let us follow the Cloud of Witnesses, and trust Jesus, and confess and believe him, as he indeed is our Lord and our God. It is a good Foundation, and other can no Man lay. It is a firm Rock where a Soul may build safely, and no Storm shall make it fall; "the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." It is a tried Stone. Now many Millions have tried it and found it true and sure. Who have died in Assurance, who did not believe in Jesus? who have gone joyful and fearless into

Eternity, who had not him for their God? who have denied him and departed happy? O none in any Age! No Soul that scorns his Blood and Divinity, no creature who has not him for his Lord shall be blessed in Time or in Eternity. They shall live in Darkneſs and die in Darkneſs, and are without God in the World.

But now let me come to ſpeak of the ſecond Part of the Text, and treat of the Travel of his Soul. This is what raiſes ſo many Doubts in the Infidel, and makes him ſo often argue, If God could travel? if the Lord could die and be a Sufferer? And becauſe he cannot believe this, or in his carnal Underſtanding comprehend it, he counts the Preaching of the Croſs Fooliſhneſs; and chuſes rather to truſt his own Morality than the Obedience and precious Death of the Lord that bought him. Fooliſhneſs it will ſeem to every Soul, till taught of God, and then this Doctrinē raiſes in the Heart the deepeſt Thankſgivings and Reverence, and Adoration and Love to our Saviour, and which increaſes daily till we ſhall ſee him; and then we ſhall caſt our Crowns at his Feet, and proſtrate ourſelves before his Throne who ſo loved and valued us, that he once for our Sakes humbled himſelf, and was obedient to the Death of the Croſs.

I need not ſay, that the Cauſe of all the Humiliation and Suffering of God's eternal Son, was our Fall, and to ſave us by the Sacrifice of himſelf, for this is every where, taught in the Bible, and implied in this Doctrinē of his becoming a Man of Sorrows eſpecially; and if our own Hearts have the leaſt Feeling, or Life, we know the Cauſe of all the Redeemer's Travel.

The sinful Stirrings of my Heart
 With Blushes fill my Face;
 I feel the Cause of Jesu's Smart,
 And blest him for his Grace.

Before ever our Saviour was incarnate, yea long e'er the Worlds were made, or the Heaven or Earth formed, he saw how all Things would go with us; and even when in *Adam* all died, and lost and forfeited his Image, and sunk as Slaves into the Hands of the Enemy, his Eyes saw it, and his Heart had Compassion upon us. He knew (humanly speaking) it would have been easier to make a new World and create new Souls, than to recover us now lost and ruined; and in strict Justice he might have left us cursed and spoiled as we were to feel the Vengeance of eternal Fire, and begin a new Creation for his Pleasure; but he loved us too dearly. He valued us far, far too highly to forsake or give us up. No, he knew we were gone from him and in the Devil's Arms. He understood our Captivity, and well saw what it would cost him to get us back, and save us from perishing to Eternity, but it did not avail; all he foresaw he should undergo to ransom us, could not prevail with him to resolve to leave us unhelped. "He saw the Travel of his Soul," understood what bitter Pains he must bear to redeem us, but he was satisfied; he loved us with everlasting Love, and so became the Saviour. He determined, cost what it would, to have us; and neither did he grudge all he should pay down for us, all he should endure or suffer in Body and Soul, so his poor dear People could but thereby be saved; and with this View, with this Aim, in the Fulness of Time, he arose from his Throne, took Leave of

all his Glory, forsook all his Majesty and Ease, and came down from Heaven in the Sight of all the Angels, and was made lower than they all for the suffering of Death; and thus God the most High God, was made a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief. It would not be amiss here to speak a little of the Nature of the Travel of his Soul, and consider our Saviour in his Sufferings. But O who is fit to undertake this! who can shew forth his Sorrows, or worthily tell of his Pain! I am ashamed to open my Mouth in this Matter, because I believe an Angel would fall short in describing it; how much more I who am a Worm? However, I will say a little, and pray the Lamb to forgive me that I fail so much in shewing forth his Travel. I will pass over his mean Birth and poor Entertainment when he came into the World, as well as the suspicious Manner of his Conception, and all the Miseries of his Infancy and tender Years; his painful Circumcision, and Labours, and Travels, till his shewing forth unto *Israel* in the last few Years before he maid his Soul an Offering for Sin.

In the Time of his Temptation when for forty Days he did eat nothing, but was left to be tried and tempted as we are, that he might be a merciful and compassionate High-Priest to us, we may think a little what he went through, hurried and afflicted by Satan, affrighted by the wild Beasts, and pinched with hunger and Want. We may not think his Divinity kept him from suffering by any of these, but as deeply as any poor Man can be tempted, as much as any Soul can be assaulted and amazed, so was he, and assisted only by his Godhead to go through all the hurried Trials, Hunger, Want, and Distresses, which possibly could befall a fallen Creature.

Creature. We need not doubt but he has felt all what we can feel, and has gone through the Fire and Water before us. He knows the Strength of every Temptation, and the great Weakness of Flesh; and as he was the Seed of the Woman alone, so he had not the Strength of a Man, but was weak and like a Woman in her Pangs, and poorer and meaner than any one. In those Days I do not doubt, but had we been present, we might have seen him wander dejected and discouraged up and down the Wilderness, now sitting under some lonely Shade weeping bitterly, and sighing with his Heart ready to break; and now with very Distress wringing his pale Hands, or lying upon his Face sweating with Agony, and crying to his Father. As *St. Paul's* fasting three Days was not voluntary, but occasioned through the Pain and Uneasiness of his Heart, he could have no Mind to eat when he did not know what would become of him forever; and in this deplorable Condition *David* also forgot to eat Bread; so I believe our Saviour's Fast was out of real Trouble and Distress. Had he but spoke the Word, the Angels, who afterwards ministered to him, would, doubtless, have brought him somewhat to refresh him; but so great was his Concern, so dreadful his Temptations, so bitter his Affliction and the Travel of his Soul, that he could not eat or drink until the Hours of Darknes passed over, and the Tempter left him.

Besides the Merits of Jesus Christ's Fasting and Temptations, we may learn two comfortable Lessons from them; First, when we are tempted, we may apply to him with living Hope, since he knows what it is to be distressed; and is able to save to the uttermost; and, secondly, let his Answers to Satan, be our Answers to all Sorts of Tempters,

Tempters, when they would turn us from the Faith, or make us doubt of the Truth, or want Reasons of us for what we believe ; then let us say, " It is written." If the Scriptures have no Weight with them, we may not hope to overcome with other Weapons, or use other Arms. Let us keep his Word ; this kept him, and by this he overcame.

But now forget where you are, and come in Faith to *Jerusalem*, and see Jesus at Supper with his Disciples. There properly his Miseries seized him, and his Soul travailed and was in Pain. Methinks I see his Countenance change, and the Tears flow down his Cheeks. He ordained the Supper for a Commemoration of his Death, and said, " This is my Body which is given for you, and this is my Blood which is shed for you and for many, for the Remission of Sins ;" and when he had distributed the Bread and Cup to all, he said, " Now is the Hour come, I shall now be given into the Hands of Sinners, the Hour of the Power of Darkness nows draws on, and he began to be very sorrowful and to be sore amazed." He went out the same dolorous Way by the Brook *Cedron* where *David* once had gone weeping before, when *Shimei* followed cursing and pelting of him ; yes, Jesus went the same Tract weeping and trembling into the Garden of *Gethsemane* ; and then, like one in the greatest Fright, begged his Disciples to stay and watch with him, but all in vain ; they were heavy with grief to see him so troubled, and slept as Midnight approached ; while he cried, " Father, save me from this Hour ; Father, if it be possible, let this Cup pass from me : " And thus he prayed three Times, and at last he could kneel no more : All God's Water-spouts passed over his Head, and his Terrors set themselves in Array

Array before him. All our Sins, all Uncleanesses, Lies, Oaths, Drunkenness, Pride, Covetousness, and ten thousand Crimes appeared before him; our Curse, Death and Hell, stared him in the Face, and the Wrath of God Almighty burned like a Fire, the Tempest lowered and thundered over his Head, so that he fell flat upon his Face, and prayed with strong Cries and Tears, until the Sweat with Horror, like Blood, gushed out, and made all his Cloaths red, as if he had been treading Grapes in a Wine-Fat. O come and see God who made us, weltering in his Blood on the cold Ground! See his faint Hands spread out, and his Mouth in the Dust begging for Mercy for his poor people! See his Hair now indeed filled with the Dew of the Night, his Heart aching and beating in his Breast, and all his Limbs trembling and shaking with Terror and Amaze! Behold him ye poor Sinners! So he removes the Curses of the Man who should eat Bread in the Sweat of his Brow, so he takes away the Curse of the Woman who should suffer in her Travail. He lays his Hands upon his Loins, like a Woman in Labour, and with Tears and Sweat, and Blood, washes out the Curse of the Ground, and bears the Curse of the Brute Part of the Creation, by laying upon his Belly, and bearing the Punishment of all. "O come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker!" This is he for whose Pleasure we were made, who now, in his Agony, prays and intercedes for us! How great was our Curse, that could make the Holy One of God so tremble and quake at the Sight of it; and even force him to beg, "if it be possible, let the Cup pass away!" How great was our Sin which could not be washed away but by the Blood of God Almighty! He prayed, "If
it

it be possible, let this Cup pass," to teach us how much it was to be feared; but he knew the decisive Hour and Moment was come, either he must drink the Wrath, or it must fall upon the Sinners; there was no Way to escape; and rather than we should have the Sword awake upon us, or the Cup of God's Indignation be poured out upon our Heads, he said, "Lo! I come to do thy Will: Not my Will, but thine be done:" And therefore is this Day called in *Isaiah*, "the Day of Vengeance, the Year of Redemption."

Until now he had none to comfort him: His Friends slept, as we have done, and were like *Joh's* Friends, Miserable Comforters indeed! But now an Angel has Leave to refresh and strengthen him: Alas! how can that be? Or, with what could the happy Spirit revive the overloaded Lamb? He could not comfort him, by telling him he should soon be again in Heaven: For, amidst all his Anguish, if he had pleased to have called for twelve Legions of Angels to his Assistance, they would have appeared, and sung him back to the Throne he had before the World began: But it would not have been a Comfort to our Saviour, to have sat on the Throne, and seen us plunged into Hell; or crying out, and gnashing our Teeth, under the Wrath of God: Nor could the Angel strengthen our Saviour by telling him of the short Duration of his Pain, or what Glory and Ease he should shortly enter, no: Such Things can comfort us, but he needed other Comfort: "He for the Joy set before him, endured." No doubt the Angel raised his wet Hands, and kissed his bloody and fainting Master, and said, O, my dear Creator! How many unhappy and perishing Souls shall this Sweat of thine save forever? How many Millions
of

of lost Men shall, by this Distress of thine, overcome when they are tempted ? How great the Number that shall be born to thee by this Travel of thy Soul ? How will they love and thank thee for ever ! How shall thy Heart rejoice, when, by this Means, thou shalt have prevailed, and brought home to thee, all the Nations of the Earth ! This could comfort the Redeemer : He could see of the Travel of his Soul, and be comforted. Just as a Woman in her Pangs can be comforted, when her Friends tell her, Be of good Chear, a Man-Child is born to thee ; so could our Saviour, our Creator be comforted, by seeing of the Travel of his Soul.

And now he rose from the Earth, and came to his Disciples with his Garments rolled in Blood ; and now Judas, and a great Multitude with him, enter the Garden with Torches, Staves, and Lanthorns, to take him. His Disciples awaked, and saw the two dreadful Sights : Jesus in that affecting Form, and the Mob coming, possessed with Fury and Rage, to take him ; while he prayed for them, and told them, " This Night shall the Son of Man be betrayed : " And then he bears the Falshood of Judas, and lets a Traitor, a wicked Man, a Devil kiss him ; while the others load him with Bonds and Chains, and drag him into the City. One should have thought his bloody and faint Looks would have melted them ; but all had no Effect upon them. I suppose they filled the Roads and Streets with Rejoicings and Huzzas, that now they had got him fast in Misery and Irons. His Care, amidst all, was only about his Disciples ; and therefore he said, " If you seek me, let these go their Way. " He knew what he meant, and Satan knew also ; for unless the Enemy had consented, upon that Condition, to give up his Claim and Right eternally to the Souls,

Souls, he could not have seized upon Jesus. This being settled, then he gave himself for us into their Hands, and was brought from Prison to Judgment; and before *Annas* and *Caiphas* arraigned and accused of Blasphemy and Sacrilege, while he meekly bore the Charges, since we had been guilty, and was content to be black with our Hurt, and reckoned with Transgressors, that by bearing our Sins we might go free. All the Day after his being apprehended, he was made a Gazing-stock for Angels and Men: He was brought before *Pontius Pilate* the Governor of *Judea*, and then before *Herod* of *Galilee*, where all the Priests and many People, accused him vehemently: Some spit in his Face, others struck him on the Mouth: Some blind-folded him, and then again beat him; asking him blasphemously, "Tell us, if thou be a Prophet, who smote thee?" Thus his prophetic Office was derided, but he answered not. Then *Herod* gave him to his Soldiers, who called together the whole Band to make Sport with him: Some dressed him in Purple; and others, mean while, got Thorns and platted them so, that every Thorn might pierce his Head and Face, and with this they crowned him; and another, for a Sceptre, put a Reed or Cane in his Hand; and then they saluted him, and bowed to him, saying, "Hail King of the *Jews*!" Thus they mocked his kingly Office, but Jesus opened not his Mouth. What a Sight was the Son of God! How glorious did the King of *Israel* look! All his sacred Face covered with Shame and Spittle; his Eyes swollen and red with weeping as with Wine, and bruised with being blindfolded and pushed from one to another: The Blood trickling from the Thorn-prints; with Tears streaming down his Face, his Beard torn off; "for he gave his Cheeks to them that plucked off the Hair,"

Hair;" and so they appeared, as *Solomon* describes it, "like Rows of Jewels." His Hand that had been so often reached out to bless his Children, and to heal the Sick, now are bound; and when they had scourged him, until one could have counted the Bones; or, as *David* says, "they ploughed his Back," then they brought him out upon the Steps of the Pavement, "wearing the Crowns of Thorns and purple Robe, crying, Behold the Man!" And one of the Evangelists says, a Person met him and struck him on the head with a Cane. One of the Fathers also, who wrote in the primitive Church, said, the Soldiers lifted up the Robe which was thrown over his torn Back, and by *Pilate's* Order, shewed him to the People; intending, thereby, to stir up Pity in them toward him, that, if possible, he might be released: But though the Sight could have moved a Stone almost, and melted the hardest Heart, it had no Effect, unless to make them more violent and eager to see him dead.

But let us behold the Man: On his Head he carries the Curse of the Ground, Thorns and Thistles, and on his Back he has carried our Burdens and Sorrows: These Stripes, those many Wounds, are "for the healing of the Nations;" and he stands there exposed, and shewed forth, that we may "look to him and be saved." Now is he "the fairest among ten Thousand, and altogether lovely! Now is he glorious in his Apparel!" But all his scourging, his standing like a Criminal at the Bar of a Man, his Blows, Bruises, Threats, Scoffs, Shame, Pain, or barbarous Usage, do not make him once complain or repine. We do not hear that he so much as said, O it is too much! But he so loved us, that he bore, contentedly, all for us, and our Ease and Peace was more to him than his own. He knew we had
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deserved all that and more; and therefore, to the Astonishment of the Princes and Priests, and to the Surprise of Men and Angels, he held his Peace. After he had suffered all Indignity and Pain, and Reviling, they stripped off from him the purple Garment, and, no doubt, set his Wounds afresh to bleeding; and now they put his own Cloaths on him, and led him out to crucify him. They had preferred a Murderer before him, and altogether desired *Pilate* to crucify him. And now "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the Sin of the World." Satan plagued his righteous Spirit, Men had punished and struck him, and shamed him before *Jews* and Heathens, and God had now laid upon him the Iniquities of us all. Thus on the solemn Feast-Day of Expiation, it was the Custom of the *Jews* to lead, or rather drag out by the Horns, the Scape-Goat, and bring him into the Wilderness, that he might in a Shadow, carry away the Sins of the People into a Land uninhabited; so they laid the Cross upon Jesus, and dragged him out of the Gates of the City, loaded with all our Crimes, and the Sin of the whole World. What Pain must he have borne in his Body, when upon his raw and wounded Back and Shoulders, he was obliged to carry a Cross large enough to hang him on! And we may well think how that pressed into his fore Flesh, and made it exceeding painful: Besides the Crowds of People, who pressed about him, must have often shook the Cross, and made him ready to swoon away; and lest this should be the Case, or that he should die before they had got their Malice fully satisfied upon him, they offered him Wine and Myrrh, but he would not drink; and now, methinks, I see him crawl up Mount *Calvary*. This was the Place of the Execution of Criminals, and where

where many guilty Robbers and Murderers had launched into Eternity. It was the Gate of Death and Hell, and here Jesus intended to open the Gate of Heaven. The Death of the Cross was esteemed cursed above all other Deaths in the Eyes of the *Jews*; and they no more supposed a hanged one could be saved, any more than a Dog; and herein they shewed their deep Spleen, in thrusting him, if possible, not only out of the World, but into Hell. Whence this sort of Death was reckoned accursed, or called so of God, I know not, unless, because our Ruin and Sin began its Reign upon a Tree; but now Jesus ends the Curse in himself, and willingly is nailed upon the Wood, that he may be a Curse for us, and become a Saviour even of such as perish in that Way.

He was stripped naked, and his Cloaths given among the Soldiers; and now, methinks, I see them lay the Cross on the Ground, and throw him down backward upon it. No Lamb ever laid so meekly upon the Altar as this Lamb of God, when he offered himself up for us: See he stretches out his dear Hands to receive the Nails, and now hark while the Executioner drives in the fatal Iron! Those Hands that had been lain upon so many Children and others to bless them, now stream with Blood: This done, then, in like Manner, his sacred Feet, which wanted Rest, and were weary with Journies and travelling, instead of Rest, must have Torture and Pain, and be fastened with Nails; and thus Satan fulfils the Scripture, "and bruises his Heel." O come in Spirit, and see the Lamb! See how he weeps and bleeds, but opens not his Mouth! Well may that which was said of *Joseph* in the *Psalms* be applied to him, "the Iron entered into his Soul;" but this was the Way he wrote

our Names in the Book of Life. O my Soul, canst thou ever think he forgets thee? "A Woman may forget her sucking Child, and slight the Fruit of her Body, which she bare with so much Pain, but he can never forget thee:" He has graven thee upon the Palms of his Hands." He will never forget to Eternity, what he felt when his Hands were driven through with Nails on the Cross, and when his Pangs and Labour brought thee to the New-Birth. When *Solomon* describes him in his Song, he says, "His Hands had Rings of *Beryl*; so it appeared, when round the Heads of the Nails, the precious Blood gushed out, and made open the Wells of Salvation."

But now comes on the heaviest Time of Suffering; they raise the Cross upright, and shewed him naked and wounded to all! O what Shouts of Joy were heard from all the Thousands of *Israel*, when they saw him lifted up! *Jews* and *Gentiles* mock together, and shake their Heads, and clap their Hands, and hiss at him, while his white and ruddy Body was raised up, like an Ensign upon a Hill. What must he have felt when he hung thus? What a Rack was his whole Body and Soul in? For now that Storm which had been so long gathering, burst upon him from on high: Now the Sword of the Lord awakened on the Man that was his Fellow, and he who had kept Silence with Pain and Grief hitherto, now roared for the Disquietness of his Heart. Men vented all their Malice and Fury upon him; nothing but Enemies seem to surround him; he heard their Blasphemy on every Side, with an aching Heart. Satan, and all his unhappy Multitude, shewed all their Rage could prompt them to do, and scorned him now with all their Power; and now his dear eternal Father, and the whole blessed God-

Godhead, seemed to leave him, that he might bear the Fierceness of God's Anger, and tread the Winepress of his Wrath alone. It is true, no human Creature can ever guess what he felt when he uttered that horrid Cry, "*Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani!*" It made Heaven and Earth, and Hell shake, and struck all with an eternal Surprize and Wonder: If ever that was literally true, it might well be now, "that in Heaven there was Silence about the Space of half an Hour:" Namely, while the Battle seemed doubtful, when Hell and all her Powers heaped on him Curse upon Curse, and Terror on Terror, and the Weight of all our Sins and Crimes, secret and known, bowed down his Soul, and the Lord spared not his only Son, but smote him without Mercy, for the Sheep that were scattered. Satan wished nothing more, than that he should soon be tired out with Misery, and call for his Angels and retire, and leave the World unredeemed; nor once thought he so loved them, that he would wade through Hell and Death, to pluck them as Brands out of the Burning: But Jesus loved us even unto Death, and weathered out the dreadful Storm; nor once begged for Pity or Mercy, until in his last Agony, when he had fully drank up the Dregs of the Cup of Trembling and Astonishment, and made a perfect and compleat Atonement and Amends for our Sin, and endured all our Wrath, paid down our full price and ransom, and then he was justified in Spirit; namely, when God the Holy Ghost bare witness in his Heart the World was now his own, and all Things recovered "by the Blood of his Cross, and the Sin and Iniquity ended, and the Transgression finished, and the everlasting Righteousness brought in," add then came the Hour of the Joy and Gladness of his Heart: With his Arms stretched

out, like *Sampson*, he took hold on the Sin with one Hand, and the Wrath of God with the other, the two Pillars on which all stood, and then with his last Cry he said aloud, "It is finished !" and bowed down his Head and gave up the Ghost ; and in his Fall he threw down all that was against us, all our Blame, Condemnation and Curses, and left it all nailed with his Body to the Tree. But then the heavenly Hosts, who, no Doubt, had looked on amazed, and wondering hitherto, broke out in the new Song, ' Now is come Salvation ! He has obtained eternal Redemption ! He has cast the Accuser of the Brethren down ! He has bruised the Serpent's Head ! ' " Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive Blessing, and Honour, and Thanksgiving, for ever and ever."

But let us go back a little, and observe how he poured out his Soul. How three Hours he waded, as it were, through the Depths of Hell, and sought his Sheep out of the Bitterness of Death. In this Condition *Jeremiah* spoke of him, when he said, " Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by ? Behold and see ! if there be any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow wherewith the Lord has afflicted me, in the Day of his fierce Anger !" It was then " out of the Belly of Hell he called unto God his Father ;" when " the Waves and Storms went over his Soul, and when the deep Waters went nigh to swallow him up." But amidst it all he had Pity on his poor Mother, and him whom he loved, and spake comfortable to them : Nor did all the blasphemous Upbraidings of the Multitude, nor their barbarous and hard-hearted Behaviour make him angry, or provoke him to call Fire from Heaven to destroy them, or cause Hell or *Tophet* to swallow them up, but he prayed for them, " My Father forgive them, they know not what they

they do." He knew Satan had blinded them, he considered whereof they were made, and remembered they were but Dust, and knew well, when hereafter he should save them, and wash them, and shed abroad his Love in their Hearts, how much they would love him and thank him for his Grace; and indeed he knew for such, and for no better, he was enduring his Cross. He could promise himself nothing more, for all "the Travel of his Soul," than that these should be his Inheritance, and by his Death be saved from Death eternal; and this was the Aim of the Deliverer: This was the Joy set before him and the Mark of his Prize. This was never more exemplified in his pardoning the dying Thief; for he was crucified between two such: "He was numbered with Transgressors, and made his Death with the Wicked," who joined to mock and revile him, until he had made Intercession for the Transgressors, "My Father, forgive them;" and then one relents and prays him, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom;" and immediately Jesus answers mercifully, "To-night shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Who can help seeing here a Miracle of Mercy, a Monument of Free-Grace? And why did he do this loving Act so publickly? why absolve the dying Criminal so openly? but that he might let Heaven and Earth see "He is Lord of the Living, and Dead, and can give eternal Life to whom he will," that all Mercy is his, and "he can do what he will with his own;" Let none be offended with this Wonder of Grace, but love him the more, and let the Worst hereby hope, through this Man's Mercy, to obtain Mercy. No doubt he now sings upon the Mount *Sion* with the greatest Reverence, and remembers how he was saved from the very Brink and Edge of the Bottomless Pit. He now, who had so much forgiven him, loves his Saviour

Saviour so much the more, and he became the First-fruit of the Death of Jesus, some of the first Part of his Reward, wherewith he is satisfied for all his Labour and Travel. But another Thing was remarkable in our Saviour at his Death, and that was his Thirst. We are sure it was not his natural Thirst of which he spake; for when they offered him Water or Vinegar mingled, and put it in a Sponge to his Lips, he would not drink: He had said before, "I will not drink any more of the Fruit of the Vine, until I drink it new in the Kingdom of my Father!" No, he thirsted once to see the People saved; he longed to have the Moment come, "when the Kingdom of this World should become his, even the Lord's and his Christ's:" And therefore as the happy Time drew nigh that all was finished, he bowed down his Head, as if he would take a Look once more upon his dear bought World, or as if he would say, Now all is over, ye are mine: Come near and let me kiss you: And though he died in Labour, though he was wearied out with Torture, and his Tongue parched with crying, his Heart failing, and "his Bowels dried up like a Potsherd, his Eyes weary with looking upward, his Feet with Anguish red like Brass burning in the Furnace," and his Soul just fleeting, yet his last Cry was loud, that it might be heard through all Worlds, and go deep into our Ears and Hearts, that the Redemption and Salvation, and all we could want in Time and in Eternity, was then and there entirely obtained and accomplished; and then his travelling Soul departed and rejoiced all the Spirits in Paradise and in all the Heavens, who had waited from the Death of *Abel* for the Day of Redemption.

He was scarce dead, but a Soldier was resolved to know whether he was a Man or no, and thrust his

his Spear into his Side, and this at once became the Sign of the Son of Man, and opened the Fountain for Sin and Uncleanneſs to all the once loſt, now ransomed World. All before had been dark for three Hours, and the Prince of Darkneſs ſeemed to have taken Poſſeſſion of the whole Earth; and beſides it made the Time of the Lord's Sufferings more gloomy and Melancholy, and during the Whole, a horrible Dread overwhelmed him; but now all cleared up and went on in former Order. From this Day the King began his Reign which ſhall have no End; and from hence he draws all Men after him. Who do not ſit under this Shadow have no great Delight, and who do not know the Refuge of this dry Tree, or rather this flouriſhing Apple tree, he is yet a Stranger to true Reſt and Safety. This is the Hiding-place in the Storm. This is the Enſign to which all the Nations muſt flow. This is the only happy Sight for a poor Sinner. Whoever comes to him crucified, or "looks to him ſhall not periſh, he ſhall have everlaſting Life."

But I muſt leave a little the "Travel of our Redeemer's Soul," to ſpeak upon the Third Part of the Text, "He ſhall be ſatisfied."

It is ſaid of *Jacob*, that though "the Sun burned him by Day, and the Froſts conſumed him by Night;" and though he was twenty Years a Servant, or rather a Slave to *Laban*; yet for the Love he had to *Rachel*, who was the chief Part of his Wages, he counted it but a little while, and thought little of all his Servitude, i. e. he was ſatisfied. In this Senſe Jeſus was ſatisfied. Before ever he became a Servant, and began his Sorrowing and hard Life in the World, he knew what ſhould be the Wages of his Service. The Father had ſhewn him before-hand "of the Travel of his Soul, and he was ſatisfied."

God,

God, even his own God, had, as it were, said to him, My Son, thou seest how Satan has prevailed over all Flesh, and has spoiled thy handy Work ; if thou, out of true Love, wilt go down and redeem them, " I will make them a willing People, I will draw them to thee. Thou shalt have Children born to thee like the Dew of the Womb of the Morning, as numerous as the Drops of Rain that water the Earth, so shall thy Seed be ;" yea, if thou wilt bear their Sin and Curse, and die in their Stead, be numbered with Transgressors, and taste Death for every Man, and pour out your Soul to Death in their Behalf, then " will I divide thee a Portion with the Strong," I will give thee a great Company, which no Man can number ; " the Heathen shall be thine Inheritance, and the utmost Parts of the Earth thy Possession." A Family will I elect and preserve to thee out of all the Families of the Earth, who shall be saved by thee, and be thy Praise to all Generations : And besides this, thou shalt quicken whom thou wilt. All shall be thine, the Living and the Dead ; none shall find Mercy but at thy Hands ; nor shall any Soul, ready to perish, ask Mercy in thy Name, whom I will send empty away : Every miserable and undone Creature that believes and trusts in thy Death, or flies to thy Blood, I will save, and thou shalt be the Saviour of the World to all Eternity ; yea, ask any thing, and I will do it ; and Jesus was well-pleased, " he was satisfied." He took a View of all the melancholy and dolorous Hours he should see ; he weighed well what a Price he must pay down for our Ransom ; what bitter and affrighted sufferings he must endure ; how he would be mocked and rejected of his own wicked Creatures, and how feel an Eclipse of his blessed and eternal Divinity ; but for the Love of his poor People, out of Pity and Compassion to their Estate, and rather than

than they should be left ruined for ever, he was satisfied to be their Saviour, and willingly and chearfully entered the War, put on Flesh, and endured as a righteous Servant. "The Sun burned him by Day, and the Frosts consumed him by Night." In Body and Soul "he was a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief," and endured the Days of his Servitude faithfully, and counted all but a little for the Wages he should have for his Travel; namely, for the Souls who should be his Reward, World without End. For these he did not grudge what he went through; but to get these, he despised the Shame, and laid down his Life willingly; and even now one may venture to affirm, if there was a Soul upon Earth that could not possibly be saved, unless he would die again, he would rather a second Time leave all his Joy and Glory, and act the tragic Scene afresh over again. But we assist herein in some Measure to satisfy our Saviour. He is not satisfied while we are miserable. He is not well please while we are without the happy Enjoyment of his Righteousness and Pardon in our Hearts, while we are Slaves of his Enemy, and slight his Redemption, or, as *St. Paul* terms it, "trample under Foot his Blood," he must be grieved; but that fulfills his Joy and makes his Heart satisfied when we flow to him. When we will not and cannot be happy without him: When a Soul, once unhappy and restless, a Vassal, a Bond-Servant of Sin and the Devil, has obtained Salvation in him, and is delivered from the Iron Yoke, and sits down blessed and joyful at Jesu's Feet, thanking him with unspeakable Joy for his Cross and Sufferings; then can he be said properly to be satisfied, and can say to his Angels, "Rejoice with me, for I have found that which I had lost." How far it

will go before the Lord's Heart shall be fully satisfied, he only knows; but he will certainly draw yet many Millions to him, till his Thirst is quite allayed, and his longing after Souls is satisfied. Let us ask our Hearts in his Presence this Question: Is he satisfied with me? For all the Travel of his Soul, as he yet won me, and got me to be his happy Reward and Wages? Or has not all his Labour and Pains, and all the continual striving of the Holy Ghost to win me to him, been yet as it were in vain?

O my dear Friends, my Brethren for whom Christ traveled and laboured, give him willingly your Hearts. Let him be your Shepherd, and be you his willing Sheep. Let him lead you to his Fold, and rejoice his Heart over you, and no more for Joy remember the Grief he endured when he won you to himself, and paid your Price. Do you want to be his? then plead the Sufferings where-with he merited you. Put him in Mind of the Travel of his Soul, and urge before him his availing Pangs and Sorrows. Be in earnest with him, and cease not your importuning till he has laid his bleeding Hands upon you and blessed you. Abide his poor needy and dependant Suppliants at the Foot of his Cross, till his Spirit, which made his last Moments joyful and gladsome, assures you, he has sealed you among his Jewels, and is satisfied with you and in you. Be you also satisfied in him, and be his Joy, and he yours in all Eternity. Amen.

O Thou blessed Lamb of God, who on my Account hast humbled thyself, and been here in the World in the Form of a Servant, and hast laboured Day and Night, and at last poured out thy
Soul

Soul to Death for me, take me into thy Flock, and number me with thy People, the Folk who shall be the Reward of thy Sufferings for ever: Look upon me, and remember I am a Soul for whom thou hast been slain, and for whom all thy Sorrows have been borne. O let thy heart be satisfied with me, and rejoice over me as a Bridegroom over the Bride. Let thy bitter Torments and Horrors be weighty to me, and teach me rightly to esteem, and value thy Sufferings and Death. Let me find all my Happiness in thy Wounds and Blood, as long as I live, and be sure I am thy beloved and redeemed Child, and when I come to depart this Life, let thy dying Pains and Agonies sweeten my last Moments to me, and comfort me: Be the God of my Life, and let my Death be precious in thy Sight. Let nothing hinder me to be thine here and for ever. As long as I am a Pilgrim and Stranger in the World abide near to me, and let me live to thy praise; and when I must go hence, O go with me; lead me into the strong City, into the New *Jerusalem*, and present me for thyself before all the Angels as one of thy elect Souls, who has made his Garments white in thy Blood, and by Means of thy meritorious Travel and Anguish, is arrived safe out of much Tribulation to the kingdom of God. Here me in this one Thing, and make me thy sure Possession, thy Inheritance, and a Part of thy Wages; and be satisfied with me, and make me satisfied with thee for evermore. Amen.



An H Y M N.

- 1 **O** Dearest Saviour, whose I am,
And whom I serve alone,
At thy pierc'd Feet, I blush for Shame,
And sit like *Mary* down.
- 2 I raise my Eyes, and see what Smart,
What Grief I put thee to:
And yet ('tis strange) it heals my Heart,
While I thy Anguish view.
- 3 I know my Sins prepar'd the Wood,
The Nails, and Whips, and Spear,
Which tare and slew my Lord and God,
And drew forth ev'ry Tear.
- 4 I know that ev'ry Stripe he had,
And ev'ry Pang he bore,
And ev'ry Grief till he was dead,
Was my Desert, and more.
- 5 This makes me at his Cross design
To fit, and see, and prize
That Loving Lamb, that God of mine,
That wond'rous Sacrifice.

29 MR 59

F I N I S.